Specimen

Carlsbad Sea Lion.

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CARLSBAD, CALIFORNIA.

CITY OF PLEASURE!

THE FUTURE

Health Resort

OF THE WESTERN CONTINENT.

Secure a Home in Carlsbad While Yet it May be Had at a Very Moderate Outlay.

Values are Daily Enhancing. Now is the Golden Opportunity. Fortune's Favors are Never Extended Twice.

CALSBAD IS NOTED FOR ITS CELEBRATED

Mineral Springs,

The Healing Properties of its Waters having been pronounced by the best Chemists, after a thorough analysis to be without rival.

Among other advantages possessed by Carlsbad to make it the

Pleasure Resort of Southern California,

And the best point for investment, its mineral waters will make it

The Resort of the Wealthy, the Pleasure-Seekers and the Invalid.

Lots for Sale from $175 to $500.

One-third Cash; Balance in 6 and 12 months; or 5 per cent discount for Cash.

For Desired Information, Address

Carlsbad Land and Mineral Water Co.,

CARLSBAD, CALIFORNIA.

Or HENRY A. NELSON, F street, near P. O., San Diego.

Or DEXTER, GILBERT & CO., 115 W First street, Los Angeles.

LOW PRICES

will do it every time.

What?

Build up a large and paying business.

Chadbourne Furniture Company

The largest Furniture House on the PACIFIC COAST

CARPETRY:

Fine, Medium and Low Grade Goods of all descriptions for

Parlor,	Dining Room,
Drawing Room,	Office,
Chamber or	Hotels or
Hall.	Boats.

Give us a call and be convinced.

SAN DIEGO, California.

Corner 3d and D Streets.

SECURE A HOME CHEAP IN

Anderson's Addition to Carlsbad.

This addition runs from the railroad to the ocean beach, in close proximity to Carlsbad's celebrated Mineral Springs, and for residence sites the lots in this addition cannot be equalled on the Coast. The land has a gradual slope to the sea, giving all a fine view of the ocean and surroundings.

Lots, 50x150 Feet, from $250 to $300.

Secure at once before it is too late as these are the cream of Carlsbad property. For particulars, call or address,

H. G. ANDERSON, CARLSBAD, CAL.

Reading as a Fine Art.

The Pacific Beach has this to say regarding a growing evil: "Among the bores of modern society few are more virulent than the parlor elocutionist. We all know, to our sorrow, the young gentleman who cannot allow a roomfull of his fellow-creatures to escape without inflicting Poe's 'Raven' or 'Bingen on the Rhine' upon them. Young ladies have taken the disease, and we have emulators of Henrietta Petowker and Mrs. Leo Hunter by the score. Prof. Dowden, in an essay in The Fortnightly, mildly protests: 'Few people nowadays seem to feel how powerful an instrument of culture may be found in modest, sympathetic, intelligent reading aloud. The reciter and elocutionist of late have done much to rob us of this, which is one of the finest of the fine arts. A mongrel something which, at least with the inferior adepts, is neither good reading nor yet veritable acting, but which sets agape the half-educated with the wonder of its airs and attudinizing, its psuedo-heroics and psuedo-pathos, usurps the place of the true art of reading aloud, and has made the word "recitation" a terror to quiet folk who are content with intelligence and refinement.'"

When to Advertise.

Not one man in a hundred, perhaps, is long-headed enough to see that the time an advertisement is of the most value is when trade is dull. An exchange says: "There is nothing in a newspaper advertisement so extremely funny. The object of an advertisement is to draw custom. It is not, was not, and never will be designed for any other human purpose. So the merchant waits until the busy season comes, and his store is so full of customers that he can't get his hat off, and then he rushes off to the newspaper office and inserts his advertisement in the paper. When the dull season gets along and there is no trade, and he wants to sell goods so bad, and it is impossible for him to pay his rent, then he takes out his advertisement—that is, some of them do; but occasionally a level-headed merchant puts in a bigger one and scoops in all the business, while his neighbors are making mortgages to pay the gas bill."

Twenty Acres.

Before us is an Iowa paper which warns people away from California, because the average size of farms in the United States is 134 acres, while the average in California is 462 acres. But within a week we met an Iowa farmer from an investigation of the Southern California country, who was on his way home to sell an Iowa farm of 320 acres in order to come back and settle on twenty acres of Southern California land, declaring that he could make more money on the twenty than on 320 acres. And he is right. The Iowa farmer finds twenty acres of Southern California land to be all he wants, and prefers to economize mileage by ceasing to tramp over 320 acres to till it when he can do better by walking over only twenty acres.—[San Francisco Alta.

Ground Bone for Chickens.

Poultry Yard says: Ground bone is not a panacea for all the ills of chickenhood, but is nevertheless a very useful article. It not only operates as a preventive of leg weakness, but it furnishes material for the frame of growing chicks so that they can develop into massive fowls with some of the materials that are needed in the workshop where eggs are manufactured. It is so useful that the wonder is how hens got along so many years without its use.

New * Store

IN CARLSBAD.

Having opened out a fresh and carefully selected stock of

Groceries, Provisions, Etc.

I cordially invite the public to thoroughly inspect my stock and satisfy themselves that prices are

ROCK BOTTOM,

and all goods as represented.

Particular attention called to my stock of

CANNED GOODS.

A fine assortment of

Jos. Winters' Celebrated Biscuits.

Also a large consignment of

Garden and Flower Seeds.

Don't forget the place:

Second Sreet, Corner Elm Ave.

E. L. LANGENBACH, PROP.

A. E. BANRY—

PAINTING AND KALSOMINING,

Decorating and Paper Hanging.

CARLSBAD, CAL.

All work done with neatness and dispatch.

J. A. FRAZIER—

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CARLSBAD,

San Diego County, - California.

A. J. CULVER—

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

CARLSBAD, CALIFORNIA.

Shop on Second Street, North of the Hotel.

Russ Lumber & Mill Company,

Carlsbad, California.

DEALERS IN

Lumber and all kinds of Building Material.

Yard near James Kennedy's old stand. Office with Brass & Woolman.

A share of the public patronage is solicited.

J. LEWIS CRAMER, Manager.

Huntington's Drug Store.

Pure **Drugs** and all kinds of **Patent Medicines.**

We also keep a full line of the best

STATIONARY AND BLANK BOOKS,

Office of **Dr. W. D. Huntington.**

Second Street, — Bank Building,

OCEANSIDE, CALIFONNIA.

NEW BARBER SHOP—

Everything New, Neat and Clean.

Second Street,

CARLSBAD, - CALIFORNIA

I have opened up a new shop in Carlsbad, where, by keeping a neat, clean shop and by giving strict attention to business, I hope to merit a fair share of the trade.

FINE SHAVING AND HAIR-CUTTING A SPECIALTY.

GIVE ME A CALL.

WM. DELLSCHAFFT.

HARRY L. TITUS—

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

SAN DIEGO, - CALIFORNIA.

J. D. MORROW—

PLASTERER AND BRICKLAYER

All kinds of mason work done on short and reasonable terms.

CARLSBAD, - CALIFORNIA.

CALIFORNIA SOUTHERN R. R. COMPANY
Time Table in effect Sunday, Nov. 14, 1886.

Southward.		Stations.	Nordward	
Daily	Daily		Daily	Daily
6 40a	5 08p	Ar. San Diego Lv.	7 50p	8 00a
4 56a	3 28p	.....Carlsbad.....	9 31p	9 41a
9 30p	11 00a	.....Colton.....	4 10a	1 45a
8 05	10 35	San Bernardino	5 00a	2 30p
6 30	8 05	..Los Angelos.....	7 45a	4 50p

Two passenger trains daily between San Diego and Los Angeles. No change of cars. Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars on night trains. Through tickets to all points in the United States and Canada. For rates on freight and tickets address agents at local station or

J. N. VICTOR, Superintendent, San Bernardino.

H. B. WILKINS. G P. and T. Agent. San Diego.

GREAT AUCTION SALE

—of—

Residence Lots

—and—

ACRE PROPERTY,

SITUATED IN

HIGHLAND * ADDITION

To the Town of

CARLSBAD.

At your Own Price and on most Liberal Terms.

FRIDAY, JUNE 15, 1888.

H. H. Matlock & Son,

Auctioneers.

Highland Addition is the Largest, most Beautiful and Valuable Addition to Carlsbad. Three wells of splendid Water already flowing on this tract.

Water will be Piped to Every Lot and Acre.

The attractions of Carlsbad are so well known that it is unnecessary here to recapitulate them. Suffice it, then, to say that Highland Addition contains all of the attractions to be found elsewhere in this charming locality, and is eminently adapted for homes. An ocean view is had from every residence lot on the tract and from nearly all of the acre subdivisions. The soil is a beautiful red sandy loam, and experienced nursery men claim that it

Will Produce Anything

that will grow anywhere else in Southern California. Everybody should have at least one or more of these lots for a "nest-egg," if you are disposed so to denominate it.

There was a time when Long Beach lots brought $100 apiece or less. Now you must go into the thousands to obtain one. If you don't think Carlsbad's beach as fine as that of Long Beach come and view it and be convinced.

Terms of Sale:

One third cash, one third in six months, and the balance in one year at 10 per cent. interest. If purchasers find it impossible to make future payments I will redeem the lots, without interest, or give an extension of three months on each payment. If no extension is made on the second payment I will give a six months' extension on the third payment.

Five per cent discount on all cash payments.

No Such Bargains Ever Before Offered,

And these terms only serve to show my unlimited confidence in

Beautiful Carlsbad by the Sea.

Besides this is my mode of advertising this locality, and there will be no future auction sale of this property.

People from the interior should embrace this opportunity and secure sites for beautiful summer homes,

At Your Own Price.

Cheap excursion rates have been secured from all points on the line of railroad. Conveyances will be in waiting upon the arrival of trains, and persons desiring to examine the property before purchasing will have ample opportunity for doing so free of expense.

J. A. Faucher.

ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

CARLSBAD SEA LION.

PUBLISHED AT

Carlsbad, San Diego Co., - - - - - - - Cal

NEW INDUSTRY FOR WOMEN.

Sending Daintily Served Meals to Families Who Do Light Housekeeping.

A new industry for women is beginning to evolve itself in New York, which may yet do much toward solving the vexed servant girl question. Some three months ago a woman of a good old New York family, educated and capable, left a widow without money and having served no apprenticeship to any of the industries by which women earn bread and butter, began to think of putting her pride in her pocket and turning her notable housekeeping talents to account by looking for service in a family as cook.

Considering the matter further, it occurred to her that she could do no better. Securing with some little effort, the project being a novel one, a clientage of half a dozen families in her immediate neighborhood that were groaning under dyspepsia, induced by "light housekeeping," she began to send out, three times a day, delicately cooked and daintily served meals. Her venture was so immediately successful that she looked up a New England housekeeper and a couple of stout armed Swedish girls to help her, and her business sprang, almost in a single night, to the utmost dimensions that she could handle. Families that had tried the frizzled steaks broiled by the green girl, families that were starving on meals elaborated over the flickering gas jet, families that had eaten "table board" in the basement dining room around the corner, families whose pocketbooks groaned at the expense of the waiter load sent in from hotel or restaurant, families whose heads were business women without time for cooking, families tired of the annoyance of servants in a small flat, were glad to be supplied with honest home cooking, varied, palatable, and at a reasonable price.

She has twenty-one families on her list at present, I think, to whom she supplies just that wholesome round of breakfasts, lunches and dinners that the average house mother would offer to husband and little folks. Fruit in season, in the morning, oatmeal or wheaten grits, fish, steak or chops; a side dish, such as stewed kidneys, sausage, liver and bacon, eggs, coffee, tea or chocolate, bread and butter, milk and sugar. Soup, fish, a roast, three vegetables, dessert and coffee make up the dinner, all of which is sent out at a cost of $7 a week to a single person, $5 each for members of families, though as what is supplied for two is sufficient for three, the cost per household is not reckoned in multiples of that sum. In a way the experiment is one of co-operative housekeeping, for, practically, the cost of everyday living is divided among a number of families, purchases for all being made together, the labor for all systematized and simplified, and the waste of all minimized, the result being that each family saves nearly the full amount of its cook's wages, and is freed from the tyranny of Castle Garden besides.

Two other women, emulous of the first, talk of starting similar enterprises. The scheme is in its infancy, but whenever a sufficient number of families within a radius of a block or two as near the great flat houses can be interested in it, it has promise of an opening for an industry for women and of relief from divers perplexities for the families they serve.—Eliza Putnam Heaton in Brooklyn Times.

Care in Taking Exercise.

As to exercise, great care in choosing what is best is always needed. Mountain climbing is to be avoided whenever it runs heart beats up beyond 100 a minute, or when one cannot breathe easily and regularly after ten minutes' rest at the highest point reached. In such cases, drive or ride. Rowing and swimming come under the same category, the latter being dangerous to any one whose heart is weak, causing risk of cramp while beyond depth. Ten minutes in the sea is enough. Tennis is different. Although it requires agility and considerable exertion, there are intervals of rest that make it one of the safest of games. It is only necessary to slip on a light coat or shawl when a set is finished to avoid sudden chill. Dancing is almost universally indulged in at all summer resorts, and, with the present fashion of early hours, is rarely harmful. It is after it is over that trouble begins. For girls in light dresses and men in evening clothes to go out from a heated room to a cool piazza and stand or stroll in chilly breeze is always risky, and has been the origin of more cases of quick consumption than almost any other cause. Wraps should always be put on when a dance is done, and outdoor walks avoided until dancers are thoroughly cooled off.—American Magazine.

What Drowns Good Swimmers.

I would not be at all astonished if numerous cases of drowning, in which the victim is a good swimmer, were due to rush of blood to the brain, producing insensibility. The common explanation is that the strong swimmer who is seen to sink suddenly, was taken with a cramp. But from my experience I am led to think that it is not a cramp, but a sort of apoplexy that strikes men in such cases and renders them completely helpless. If it was merely a cramp of a leg or arm I do not believe that strong men would sink suddenly and almost without a struggle as we see that they do in so many cases. Every one who reads the papers will recall numerous instances at the sea shore and at every bathing resort where these mysterious drownings take place. I never knew any one to try to account for them except by the cramp theory. The medical men ought to study the matter and see if there is not some ground for the belief that apoplexy, produced by pressure of blood on the brain, is not more likely to be the cause of death in the water than drowning in consequence of cramp.—Rochester Post-Express.

The More Noise the Better.

There is a peculiarity about the pheasants which probably does not apply to any to any other bird or animal on the globe; and this is the fact that no hunter was ever able, under any conceivable circumstances, to surprise one or get within gunshot of him without being observed. The writer has tried the experiment frequently, but never succeeded. The only way to get near enough to a pheasant to shoot him is to make all the noise possible. In this way the bird can be approached as nearly as desired, but the moment the hunter stops the bird has flown with such rapidity that it seems to have been fired from a howitzer. Indeed, instances are frequent where they have flown with such velocity as to dash themselves to death against trees in their route.—Baltimore American.

HERE AND THERE.

Syracuse, N. Y., is rejoicing over a new $10,000 kennel club.

There are 105,000 locomotives in the world, representing 3,000,000 horse power.

The first religious newspaper published in America was issued in Ohio, and called The Recorder.

The South African diamond fields last year yielded gems amounting to 3,646,899 carats and valued at over $20,000,000.

A Vermont minister has preached 121 funeral sermons, with net return of two barrels of apples and a silver dollar.

An Ohio man has four hogs born without the sign of an ear, and so lacking in hearing that they don't know when it thunders.

During the first three months of this year 5,000 more immigrants arrived at New York than in the same time last year. There were 28,945 arrivals in March.

The horse power represented by steam engines in the United States is 7,500,000; in England, 7,000,000, in Germany, 4,500,000; in France, 3,000,000, in Austria, 1,500,000.

An Orlando, Fla., wagonmaker has constructed a boat wagon that will go equally well on land or water, and it is voted just the thing for sportsmen in that wild and watery region.

Mrs. Morris, of Sheboygan, Mich., possesses as a highly prized relic a large meerschaum pipe that belonged to a former king of Denmark, and is now 238 years old. It has been an heirloom in her family for generations.

A Pacific coast missionary relates that after walking fifteen miles to perform a marriage ceremony, he received in payment a sack of fine cabbages, and lugged them home on his back for fear of offending his parishioners.

Two French ladies lately agreed upon a trial for 1,000 francs to see which could talk the faster. The contest was to endure for three hours. One pronounced 203,560 words, reading from "Eugene Sue." The other pronounced 206,311, and won the prize.

Three little Buffalo girls, all under 11, lately started to walk to Indianapolis, where the mother of one of them is living. As they took a cash capital of but one silver dollar along, they were reasonably glad to be overtaken by rescuers less than twenty miles away.

They are not troubled with breach of promise suits in China. When a future Chinese belle is about three days old she is formally betrothed to the scion of some acceptable neighbor, and when she is about fifteen she is carried to his house and left there and that ends it.

The greatest ocean depth which has been ascertained by sounding is five miles and a quarter (25,720 feet, or 4,620 fathoms), not quite equal to the height of the highest known mountain, Mount Everest, which measures 29,002 feet, or five and a half miles high. The average depth between 60 degs. north and 60 degs. south is nearly three miles.

Down in South Carolina a Texas pony, for lack of better employment, jumped up the five foot steps of a book store, walked in, went behind the counter, looked at himself in the mirror, and walked out after the fashion of the king of France, without breaking or damaging anything in the course of his career.

Deer shed their antlers every year, and although the antlers, when the deer is killed before they are removed, will withstand all weathers for years, it is very rarely that a pair that have been shed are found. This is said to be due to a small insect that attacks the antlers soon after they are dropped, and destroys them by burrowing through and through them.

A most admirable charity is that of the Salvation Army in London, which has opened a restaurant where a meal may be bought for a farthing. The small coin pays for a bowl of soup or a half loaf of bread, and two farthings secures a cup of coffee or cocoa and a slice of bread and jam. Thus for about two cents a wholesome meal can be bought. Threepence brings meat and potatoes and a half penny a dish of rice.

BASEBALL TALK.

Anson declares in favor of the double umpire system.

Detroit is said to have lost money on the southern trip.

As a novelty the Toledos will wear dead black stockings.

There are eighteen conflicting dates between the two Kansas City clubs.

Eleven out of sixteen players under contract to the Cincinnati club are married men.

Sanders, the new Philadelphia pitcher, weighs 200 pounds in the best possible condition.

Tiernan made the first home run off a professional pitcher at the Polo Grounds this season.

Capt. Hanlon of the Detroits prefers right handed to left handed pitchers. He thinks they last longer.

It looks like about six clubs in the American association will be in the swim during the entire championship race.

Stratton is the youngest baseball player under contract in the American association. He was but 18 years of age a few months ago.

Childs, who is making a splended record with the Phillies, has only played one year professionally. As an amateur he played as catcher.

Manager John Kelly has been presented with a gold badge, the mate of that given Gaffney, for their umpiring in the world's series last fall.

Detroit is short on catchers. Bennett's arm is in bad shape and neither he nor felon afflicted Ganzell are likely to be available for work before April 20.

Garfield is playing in Toledo, Cleveland with New York, Grant with Buffalo, Hays with Rochester, Johnson with Boston. There is also a player named Lincoln.

Guy Hecker, pitcher of the Louisville club, has given it out that this will be his last season on the diamond. He says that, recognizing that his pitching abilities will not last forever, he desires to connect himself with business life, and has accepted a position to travel for a business concern next year.

Among the excuses advanced by the Detroits for their failure to capture the St. Louis series is the inability of Bennett to play, the felon on Ganzell's finger, Thompson's lameness, White's lack of practice, Hanlon's absence from the team, the club's inability to bat and the weakness of Broughton and Sutcliffe behind the bat.

Buck Ewing thinks that Chicago, now she has let Clarkson go, had better throw up the sponge. He says: "What did they do last season when they had Clarkson? They are no better fixed this season than they were last. Anson says that his team can win the championship without this big pitcher. May be he can, but the day is yet to come when a manager can win the championship without the players to back him, no matter how great a manager he is."

A MASTER OF FENCE.

A SWORDSMAN KILLS THIRTEEN OPPONENTS IN A SINGLE HOUR.

The Story of an Extraordinary Combat. A Regimental Quarrel Settled in the Presence of the Whole Army of French and Italians.

To give an idea of what a brave man can do if he knows fencing thoroughly, and but keeps cool and collected in danger, we will relate an historical duel. So extraordinary is this combat that it would be held a romance had it not been witnessed by a whole army. The hero is Jean Louis, one of the greatest masters of the beginning of this century, and the duel happened in Madrid in 1813. He was the master at arms of the Thirty-second regiment of French infantry. The First regiment, composed entirely of Italians, formed part of the same brigade.

Regimental esprit de corps and rivalries of nationality caused constant quarrels, when swords were often whipped out or bullets exchanged. After a small battle had occurred in the streets of Madrid, in which over 200 French and Italian soldiers had taken part, the officers of the two regiments decided to give such breaches of order a great blow and to re-establish discipline; they decreed that the masters at arms of the two regiments should take up the quarrel and fight it out.

AWAITING THE WORD.

Imagine a whole army in battle array on one of the large plains that surround Madrid. In the center a large ring is left open for the contestants. This spot is raised above the plain, so that not one of the spectators will miss one phase of the contest.

The drum is heard; two men naked to the waist step in the ring. The first is tall and strong; his black eyes rove disdainfully upon the gaping crowd; he is Giacomo Ferrari, the celebrated Italian. The second, tall, also handsome, and with muscles like steel, stands modestly awaiting the word of command; his name is Jean Louis. The witnesses assume their places on either side of their principals. A deathlike silence ensues.

"On guard!"

The two masters cross swords; Giacomo Ferrari lunges repeatedly at Jean Louis; but in vain, his every thrust is met by a parry. He makes up his mind to bide his chance, and caresses and teases his opponent's blade. Jean Louis, calm and watchful, lends himself to the play, when, quicker than lightning, the Italian jumps aside with a loud yell, and makes a terrible lunge at Jean Louis—a Florentine trick, often successful. But, with extraordinary rapidity, Jean Louis has parried, and risposts quickly in the shoulder.

"It is nothing," cries Giacomo, "a mere scratch," and they again fall on guard; almost directly he is hit in the breast. This time, the sword of Jean Louis, who is now attacking, penetrates deeply. Giacomo's face becomes livid, his sword drops from his hand and he falls heavily on the turf. He is dead.

THE NEXT MAN.

Jean Louis is already in position; he wipes his reeking blade, then, with the point of his sword in the ground, he calmly awaits the next man.

The best fencer of the First regiment has just been carried away a corpse; but the day is not yet over. Fourteen adversaries are there, impatient to measure swords with the conqueror, burning to avenge the master they had deemed invincible.

Jean Louis has hardly had two minutes' rest. He is ready. A new adversary stands before him. A sinister click of swords is heard, a lunge, a parry, a rispost, and then a cry, a sigh, and all is over. A second body is before Jean Louis.

A third adversary advances. They wanted Jean Louis to rest. "I am not tired," he answered with a smile.

The signal is given. The Italian has closely watched Jean Louis' play, and thinks he has guessed the secret of his victories. He multiplies his feints and tricks, then, all at once, bounding like a tiger on his prey, he gives his opponent a terrible thrust in the lower line. But Jean Louis' sword has parried and is now deep within his opponent's breast.

What need to relate any more; ten new adversaries followed him, and the ten fell before Jean Louis amid the excited yells and roars of an army.

At the request of the Thirty-second regiment's colonel, who thought the lesson sufficient, Jean Louis, after much pressing, consented to stop the combat, and he shook hands with the two survivors, applauded by 10,000 men.

From that day fights ceased between French and Italian soldiers.

This wonderful and gigantic combat might be held a fable were not all the facts above stated still found in the archives of the ministry of war.—Outing.

The Health of Actresses.

"What do I need to become a successful actress?"

"You need a good nose, with passable features and a respectable figure added thereto. You need some brains, a voice capable of training, a minimum of nerve and a genius for advertising. You need perfect health. With all these qualities you will probably fail, but you won't succeed without them, especially without the health."

The most charming actresses on the stage are, with rare exception, women with robust health. Personal charm has quite as much to do with success on the boards as mental ability, perhaps more; and personal charm — that something which lies deeper than mere beauty, and is called, for want of a better word, "magnetism"—depends to a wonderful extent on the physical condition of the actress.—Eliza Putnam Heaton in Kansas City Journal.

Advice to the Barber.

"I always shave myself," said a well known lawyer at the city hall, "and before commencing the operation dip the blade in a cup of boiling water." "What for?" "Well, I will have to lecture a bit. If you will take a microscope and look at the blade of a newly honed razor you will find that the edge is like a saw. Well, the boiling hot water will run these saw teeth together and make an even edge. That is the philosophy of it." Everybody who knows anything about shaving knows that of course, but how many do? The usual experience is a removal of the hair by a more or less effective power, but the barber who takes time to plunge his blade in boiling water is a rarity, and a glassy strop is the usual developer of his weapon's edge.—Buffalo News.

Mexico's Fashion Club.

The Diario del Hogar says that a "fashion club" is being organized in the City of Mexico by thirty rich dudes, whose only object will be to clothe themselves in the latest styles.

NEEDLES AND NEEDLES.

A Few of the Many Varieties Manufactured in This Country.

A needle is a little thing, hardly worth mentioning, in fact, but the daily consumption of them in the United States is 4,200,000. About one-sixth of these are made in Brooklyn, but the greater part of the needles we use come from Redditch, England.

There are needles which all wig makers use. They are as delicate as a hair and shaped like a fish hook. There is the tambour needle and the needle for shirring machines; the great sail needle, which has to be pushed with a steel palm; the knitting machine needle, with its little latchet; the aracene and crewel needles and the long instrument which the milliners use.

Then there is the surgeon's cruel outfit, the probing needle, made for hunting after bullets or internal sores; the post mortem needles, of various curves and sizes; the hare lip needle; the long accupressure pins, for pinning gaping wounds in place. all the needles for eye, head and body—long, short, curved once, twice or three times. Then the veterinary surgeon has his case of needles, too. The upholsterer is a favored man. He has needles on the half curve, and on the quarter curve, round points and sword points, long eyes, round eyes, egg eyes, and counter sunk eyes.

The cook is not left out of this trade, but has a curious trussing needle, made for carrying melted butter or savory sauce right into the very heart of a fowl or roast, being hollow and large at the end where the butter is poured in There is also the larding needle, which sews large pieces of meat together or fastens a bit of fat deep in a lean piece of meat. One of these was invented by a French chef. The other was made to meet the demands of butchers who cook large quantities of meat for the free lunch restaurants, and who wish to sew their meat into good shape, so that it will cut well.

The collar maker's needle is not unlike the upholsterer's. The netting needle has a little branch at each end, and with them goes a broad "mesh" of ivory or polished wood. The knife point hem needle, with its broad blade, was invented to suit the men at the Chicago stock yards. The broom maker's needle, like the sailor's, has to be pushed with a steel palm. That which the millers use has a spring eye, which the heavy thread enters when the side of the eye is pressed.

A novice could never guess how to use the needle made for sewing soles on shoes The glove needles are marvelously fine affairs, though even the daintiest of them have three cornered points. The knitting and astrachan needles want no mention.

The needle for filling rugs has given place to an ingenious machine which does four times the work. The beading needle is slender and long. The rag baler's needle has a blade like a leek, and is an other invention made for Chicago. The weaver's pin for picking up broken threads has an open eye in a hook, which catches and holds the lost thread firmly.

The making of a needle is a very laborious matter in Germany, France and England, where it is done by hand. The polishing there requires sixty or seventy days. But in America it has called forth some of the most interesting and delicate inventions in machinery of which this country can boast.—Chicago News.

City Troops Were the Toughest.

"I noticed a few days ago an article concerning the mortality among the German members of the G. A. R.," said Capt. William T. Haskell, of Washington, D. C., to a reporter, "and was struck by the facts it presented. I have not hitherto paid any attention to this question, but since the matter has been called to my notice I recollect that the deaths among the German veterans of my acquaintance have been very frequent during the last few years. Another point in regard to Grand Army mortality which I have studied with some care is the fact that the death rate of those who originally came from the country far exceeds that of the city men. It is generally supposed that a country life is conducive to health, but as far as the records of the war department prove anything, the contrary is the case.

"When in the Army of the Potomac I served in a regiment recruited in the city of New York. Stoddard's Vermont brigade was in our division, and it was a remarkable fact that those stalwart mountaineers, men of large size and great muscular development, were far more subject to disease than our city boys, and died like sheep in the Chickahominy swamps, while the death rate among the city regiments was very low comparatively. Since the close of the war, and especially during the last ten years, the survivors of the country regiments, at least in the east, for I know nothing of the west, show a much higher mortality than the metropolitan troops, and sickness is much more frequent. I have heard from French and German officers that the same state of affairs prevails in the armies of those countries, and from all these facts I am inclined to believe that the general impression that city life is unhealthy is entirely false."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Petty Thieving in Groceries.

"The Italian women," says a Philadelphia grocer, "train their children from the toddlers up to pick up a handful of coffee, white beans or rice, or potatoes, prime dried apples, in short anything they can extract from its receptacle while we are not looking, and while the mother is buying four cents' worth of kerosene oil; they slip the things into their pockets so slick that it would take a more skilled man than an average detective to catch them in the act. The 'sampling' in larger grocery stores by the better class of buyers is a picnic alongside the petty larceny of these customers we have to deal with. It is astonishing of what similar allowances a shrewd grocer has to make in figuring the cost of store service and profits on goods sold. Some people think it is simply first cost of goods, store rent, taxes and licenses and clerk hire, but the man who figures that way in putting on his prices never makes a bright and shining success of the business."—Philadelphia News.

THE USE OF WHISTLES.

THE PART THEY PLAY IN THE LIFE OF A CITY.

The Street Car Driver Can't Get Along Without His Whistle—Letter Carrier and Policeman—The Engineer's Whistle—In Factory Towns—Tugs.

Few people stop to think of the important part played by whistlers and whistling in the daily life of a great city like New York. Yet if all the whistlers and whistles that add to the din of the city during a single twenty-four hours could be gotten together, say in Union square, and made to blow a simultaneous blast, the uproar would probably be so great that it would deafen for life any man who chanced to be within a block of the place

Among some of the lesser whistlers, in point of noise made, are the drivers of the street cars and the postmen; yet many precious moments are saved by the use of whistles by these individuals. A heavy truck gets on the car track, and the passengers grow impatient as the car crawls along in consequence. Then the whistle gets in its work, and its shrill peal reminds the driver of the heavy wagon that he is violating a city ordinance, and he pulls off the track, and the car bowls along once more.

"Without a whistle," said a car driver to the reporter, "we couldn't get along at all in the crowded parts of the city, where the noise is so great that drivers of heavy wagons can't hear our bell. We buy the whistle ourselves, and pay about half a dollar for it. A whistle with a good shrill tone is needed for our business.

LETTER CARRIER AND POLICEMAN.

"I don't know how I could ever cover my route," said a letter carrier, "without my whistle. It blow it at an interval of every few houses and the people hear it and are ready for me, so I don't have to wait a moment after ringing the bell People are always looking for letters and anxious to get them. If I was a peddler or a book agent and known by my whistle, I would never blow it, for every one would hide in the cellar."

In some cities the policemen summon assistance by the aid of whistles, but in New York they are only used by some policemen on street crossings for arresting the progress of reckless drivers The bicyclist, too, always has his whistle at a handy place, so he may warn the pedestrian of the approach of his silent steed Then there are the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker, who, in making their rounds of apartment houses, always whistle up, to announce their arrival preparatory to taking orders through the tube.

Before the advent of air brakes railroad engineers used to use their engine whistles more frequently than they do at present, and the familiar "toot" of the engine meant "put on the brakes," while the quick double "toot, toot" of the whistle was followed by a rattling of the brakes as they were let off with a jerk. Today the whistles do service principally at crossings, where they attract one's attention to the familiar legend "Look out for the engine while the bell rings." Aside from its practical use, there are many stories told of the locomotive whistle serving as a bearer of tidings of love and comfort. Some engineers have a regular system of signals arranged with their families, by which they can send a message when their engine passes near the home of the loved ones. One engineer in Connecticut, whose wife lived near the track on a certain part of his route, which he reached every night about 11 o'clock, was in the habit of whistling a good night message to his loving wife as he passed his house. She would be watching for the familiar greeting, and when its welcome sound reached her ears she would place a lighted lamp in her bedroom window, so that her lord might know that all was well with her. The custom became known to the regular passengers on the train, and they, too, would watch eagerly for the light to appear.

WAITING IN VAIN.

At last there came a night when the engineer's wife waited longingly for the familiar sound, but waited in vain. The fond heart which suggested that odd way of giving token of his love was stilled forever, and the hand that had so often pulled the cord that opened the steam valve was clutched in death. The engineer had been killed in the Meadow Brook disaster. He died, however, as only brave men die, at his post of duty, having refused to leap from the engine, and when death overtook him his hand was still on the throttle.

Few people pursue the art of whistling with a view of making it a means of earning a living; yet there are quite a number of professional whistlers who make good pay by displaying their proficiency as whistlers on the variety stage. Some of these people show wonderful skill in imitating the notes of different birds.

There are a number of superstitions connected with whistling. The small boy whistles at night to keep his courage up; many men whistle for lack of thought; sailors whistle for a favoring breeze to speed them on their way. Whistling girls always attract attention.

That whistling is a useful accomplishment every one must admit who has seen a horse car pass him by because he could not whistle loud enough to attract the driver's attention. Perhaps the whistle that attracts the most general attention is the factory whistle, which calls thousands of people from their beds to resume their daily toil. In some factory towns the working people, who do not carry watches, depend more upon the whistles for their knowledge of the time of day than upon the public clocks. All New Yorkers, too, are familiar with the whistle of the tugs, ferry boats, and steam craft that make their way through the various waters adjacent to the city On a foggy day the noise amounts almost to a pandemonium, and the mournful sounds are always suggestive of the crazy loon, whose peculiar cry is as familiar to people in the country as the steam whisle is to metropolites.—New York Sun.

Nine thousand pictures have been sent to the Royal academy for exhibition, including 3,000 landscapes.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

Lotta made $93,000 this season.

Mrs. U. S. Grant is at work upon her reminiscences.

The wife of Munkacsy, the artist, will soon visit America.

Mrs. Gladstone employs homoepathic physicians and remedies.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe walks from five to seven miles a day.

Mrs. Lillie Devereaux Blake thinks women would make good soldiers.

The widow of the late Chief Justice Waite will live in Cincinnati with her son.

Julia Folville, of Belgium, is soon to be brought out as a rival to Josef Hofmann.

Mme. Durand (Henry Greville) is squat, has an almost clumsy face, and is clumsy.

President Eliot, of Harvard, says that women should never lecture to young men.

Mrs. Mary Read Goodale is one of the most successful temperance workers in the south.

Miss Virginia M. Holliday, of Carroll, Md., has been granted a patent for a bonnet holder.

Mme. Blanc lives quietly with her mother, and is seldom seen except at one or two receptions.

Empress Elizabeth, of Austria, is a superbly beautiful woman, with a wealth of chestnut hair.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton will presently return from Washington to Boston and then sail for Europe.

A distinguished negro belle of Port au Prince, Hayti, has married a brother of William Black, the novelist.

The medical attendant of the queen of Corea is an American woman physician, who receives a salary of $15,000 a year.

Queen Victoria offers to sell her villa at Baden-Baden for £10,000, reserving "a square metre of ground" whereon to erect a memorial of her ownership.

The Princess of Wales' most valuable silver wedding present was a magnificent necklace of rubies and diamonds from the emperor and empress of Russia.

The queen of England speaks German in her home circle, while English is the family language of the German, Russian, Greek and Danish imperial and royal homes.

Queen Victoria has invited the king and queen of Italy to visit Windsor castle in June, and they have accepted the invitation provided the situation of affairs at the time will permit.

Mrs. Garrett Anderson is at the head of the London School of Medicine. She is the leading woman physician in England; makes an income of £10,000, and has the strength and energy of a man.

After Frederick dies the German empress will receive a fortune, payable by the reigning emperor, of $150,000 a year, and the use of the Palace of Charlottenberg and another palace at Potsdam.

Miss Mary Tillinghast is one of the most successful among the women who have made a business of decorative art. Vanderbilt once paid her $30,000 for inventing a new kind of tapestry hangings for his houses.

Lady Haberton stands for the divided skirt, and accepts no compromise for under and outer wear. She does not think that real progress in dress can be made so long as women cling to a petticoat in any form.

Empress Victoria of Germany is able to converse learnedly with such men as Virchow and Von Helmholz, and her comprehension of her husband's case has awakened wonder among his physicians. She is without doubt one of the best informed women in the world.

Ug Yee Cam is the name of a Chinese woman who recently arrived in San Francisco. She is possessed of wonderful beauty, and the Californians have gone wild over her. She is a sister-in-law of Lee Kong You, a well known cigar manufacturer of San Francisco.

One of the contestants in a walking match in progress in Chicago recently was Esther Gausten, 12 years old. She is described as "the champion child pedestrienne of the United States," and already has a record for speed and endurance, having walked a half mile in three minutes and thirty-two seconds. She began her career as a pedestrian at Elgin, Ills., when only 4 years old.

RELIGIOUS GLEANINGS.

The latest figures show that there are 16,449,990 Sunday school scholars in the world.

The English and American Episcopalian missionaries in Japan agree to co-operate, and will educate their clergy in one theological school.

To a native church in Kaffirland a man was lately received at the age of 108 years. He sought admission with deep solicitude, and his recital of spiritual experience was affecting.

The Church of England has a mission in Upper Burmah under the lead of six priests, two English, one Tamil and three Karen. Fifty villages are reached; there are 1,237 communicants and 597 scholars.

There will be divided among the superannuated preachers and widows and orphans of the Methodist Episcopal church, next year, $100,000 out of the profits of the Methodist Book Concern. The Book Concern will be a century old in 1889.

On the 20th of November, 1887, in the suburbs of Algiers, was opened the first Presbyterian church of Northwestern Africa. The beautiful edifice of freestone and marble is the gift of Sir Peter Coats to the synod of the United Presbyterian church of Scotland.

Congregational churches have a remarkable history in Florida. A little more than four years ago a state association was formed of the four churches that had then been organized. Now the number is thirty-five. Of these thirty-three are aided more or less by the Home Missionary society.

The Church of England has two archbishops and thirty-one bishops. In 1881 there were 14,926 civil parishes, with 14,573 churches and chapels; the clergy in actual service numbered 21,663. According to an estimate made in 1883, 13,500,000 persons in England and Wales were adherents of the Established church, leaving 12,500,000 to other creeds.

The Adventures of a Horse.

Among the incidents of the storm in Boston, The Electric Review relates how the entanglement of a horse attached to one of the coal delivery teams was caused by the wires. It was in the evening. The horse got entangled and the wires threw him down. Some of the snarl of wires proved to be those of electric lights. The kicking and the struggles of the horse brought the wires in contact, and in the words of the teamster, "Every time he kicked it would lighten, and every time it lightened he would kick! I thought to myself, 'He is bewitched with lightning.' I tried to unbutton him, and every time I unbuttoned one place he was struck with lightning in another." The poor horse was finally released from his peril by somebody who understood the cause of the trouble.—Scientific American.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

MUSIC.

Music (which is earnest of a heaven,
Seeing we know emotions strange by it,
Not else to be revealed) is as a voice,
A low voice, calling Fancy, as a friend,
To the green woods in the gay summer time;
And she fills all the way with dancing shapes,
Which have made painters pale, and they go on
While stars look at them, and winds call to them,
As they leave life's path for the twilight world
Where the dead gathe..

—Robert Browning.

A HARD PART TO PLAY.

I come of an acting family. We all take to the stage as young ducks take to the water, and the strangest part of it is that we are none of us geniuses. And yet we get on. My three brothers are at the present time starring either in the provinces or in America; my two elder sisters, having strutted and fretted their hour upon the stage, are married to respectable city men; I, Sybil Gascoigne, have acted almost as long as I can remember; the little ones, Kate and Dick, are still at school, but when they leave the first thing they do will be to look out for an engagement. I don't think we are any of us very much in love with the profession; but then why should we be? It seems to me very hard that an actor is always supposed to be at high pressure. "Elevate the stage," "cultivate the masses," "educate the popular taste"—these are the sentiments which are supposed to be always in the actor's breast. These are the sentences which are forever in people's mouths. Now I can't imagine why an actor more than any one else should be constantly on stilts. I have seen a celebrated musician enjoying a game of poker, and have heard him declare that poker was far preferable to music. I have seen a great painter talking to a city man about stocks and shares during a learned disquisition upon art, and no one seemed scandalized. But with an actor it is different. Unless he is perpetually aspiring it will not be forgiven him that he is an actor.

Now, we Gascoignes took things easily. Of course there were some parts we liked better than others, but we played everything that came in our way—comedy, farce, melodrama. My elder sisters quitted the stage before they had much time to distinguish themselves. They were each in turn, on their marriage, honored with a paragraph in the principal dramatic papers, but no one said the stage had sustained an irreparable loss, or the profession was robbed of one of its brightest ornaments.

I was following very much in my sisters' footsteps. The critics always spoke well of me. I never got a slating in my life; but then before the criticism was in print I could almost have repeated word for word the phrases that would be used: "Miss Gascoigne was painstaking and intelligent as usual." "The part was safe in the hands of that promising young actress, Sybil Gascoigne." With opinions such as these I was well content. My salary was regularly paid; I could always reckon on a good engagement, and even if my profession failed me there was Jack to fall back upon. And Jack was substantial enough to fall back upon, with no risk of hurting one's self. He was six feet two, with broad square shoulders; and arms—well, when Jack's arms were round you, you felt as if you didn't want anything else in the world. At least that's how I felt, and I've heard lots of girls say just the same. Jack ought to have been in the Life Guards, and he would have been, only a wealthy uncle offered to do something for him, and of course such an offer was not to be refused; and the "something" turned out to be that Jack was to go as clerk into the uncle's business, with a view to partnership, as the advertisements say. Now, the business was not a pretty nor a romantic one—it had something to do with leather—but it was extremely profitable, and as I looked forward to one day sharing all Jack's worldly goods I didn't grumble at the leather. Not that Jack had ever yet said a word to me which I could construe into a downright offer. He had looked, certainly. But then with eyes like his there's no knowing what they may imply. They were dark blue eyes, and his hair was bright brown with a touch of yellow in it, and his mustache was tawny and his skin was sunburnt to a healthy red. We had been introduced in quite the orthodox way. We hadn't fallen in love across the footlights. He seldom came to see me act, but sometimes he'd drop in to supper, perhaps on his way from a dinner or to a dance; and if I could make him stay with us until it was too late to go to that dance, what a happy girl I used to be! My mother, with the circumspection that belongs to mothers, told me that he was only flirting, and that I'd better turn my attention to somebody else. Somebody else! As if any one were worth even looking at after Jack Curtis. I pitied every girl who was engaged because she wasn't engaged to him. How could my sisters be happy? Resigned, content they might be; but to be married and done for, and afterward to meet Jack—well, imagination failed me to depict the awfulness of such a calamity.

It was quite time he spoke—there could be no doubt of that; although Jack Curtis was too charming to be bound by the rules which govern ordinary mortals, still I could not help feeling uneasy and apprehensive. How could I tell how he carried on at those gay and festive scenes in which I was not included? A proud earl's lovely daughter might be yearning to bestow her hand upon him. A duchess might have marked him for her own. Possibly my jealous fears exaggerated the importance of the society in which he moved, but it seemed to me that if Jack had been bidden to a friendly dinner at Buckingham palace, it was only what his transcendent qualities merited.

Well, there came a night when we expected Jack to supper, and he appeared not. Only, in his place, a few lines to say that he was going to start at once for his holiday. A friend had just invited him to join him on his yacht. He added in a postscript, "I will write later." He did not write. Hours, days, weeks passed, and not a word did we hear.

"It's a break off," said my mother, consolingly. "He'd got tired of us all and he thought this the easiest way of letting us know. I told you there was an understanding between him and Isabel Chisholm; any one could see that with half an eye."

I turned away shuddering.

"Terrible gales," said my father, rustling the newspaper, comfortably in his easy chair. "Great disasters among the shipping. I shouldn't wonder if the yacht young What's-his-name went in were to come to grief."

I grew pale and thin and dispirited. I knew the ladies of our company made remarks about me. One day I overheard two of them talking.

"She never was much of an actress, and now she merely walks through her part. They never had any feeling for art, not one of those Gascoigne girls."

No feeling for art! What a low, mean, spiteful, wicked thing to say. And the worst of it was that it was so true. I resolved at once that I would do something desperate. The last piece brought out at our theatre had been a frost. It had dragged along until the advertisements were able to announce "Fifteenth night of the great realistic drama." And various scathing paragraphs from the papers were pruned and weeded till they seemed unstinted praise. Thus: "It was not the fault of the management that the new play was so far from being a triumphant success," was cut down to one modest sentence, "A triumphant success." "A few enthusiastic cheers from partial friends alone broke the ominous silence when the curtain fell," became briefly "Enthusiastic cheers."

But nobody was deceived. One week the public were informed they could book their seats a month in advance; the next that the successful drama had to be withdrawn at the height of its popularity owing to other arrangements. What the other arrangements were to be our manager was at his wits' end to decide. There only wanted three weeks to the close of the season. Fired with a wild ambition born of suspense and disappointment, I suggested that Shakespeare should fill the breach—"Romeo and Juliet," with me, Sybil Gascoigne, as the heroine.

"Pshaw! child," said our good humored manager; "you don't know what you are talking about, Juliet! You haven't the depth, the temperament, the experience for Juliet. She had more knowledge of life and love at thirteen than most of our English maids have at thirty. To represent Juliet accurately an actress must have the face and figure of a young girl, with the heart and mind of a woman, and of a woman who has suffered."

"And have I not suffered? Do you think because you see me tripping through some foolish, insipid role that I am capable of nothing better? Give me a chance, and see what I can do.

Oh, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,

I began, and declaimed the speech with such despairing vigor that our manager was impressed.

Well, the end of it was, he yielded to my suggestion. It seemed a prosperous time to float a new Juliet. At a neighboring theatre a lovely foreign actress was playing the part nightly to crowded houses. We might get some of the overflow, or the public would come for the sake of comparing native with imported talent. Oh! the faces of my traducers who had said, "Those Gascoigne girls have no feeling for art," when it was known that they were out of the bill, and that Sibyl Gascoigne was to play Shakespeare. I absolutely forgot Jack for one whole minute. But the next, my grief, my desolation, were present to me with more acuteness than ever. And I was glad that it was so. Such agony as I was enduring would surely make me play Juliet as it had never been played before.

At rehearsals I could see I created a sensation. I felt that I was grand in my hopeless love, my desperate grief. I should make myself a name. If Jack were dead or had forsaken me, my art should be all in all.

The morning before the all important evening dawned. I had lain awake nearly an hour, as was my custom of nights now, thinking of Jack, wondering if ever woman had so much cause to grieve as I. Then I rose, practiced taking the friar's potion, and throwing myself upon the bed until my mother came up and told me to go to sleep or my eyes would be red and hollow in the morning. But I told my mother that hollow eyes and pale cheeks were necessary to me now; that my career depended on the depths of my despair.

"To-morrow, mother, let no one disturb me on any account. Keep away letters, newspapers, everything. To-morrow I am Juliet or nothing."

My mother promised, and I got some hours of undisturbed slumber.

Rehearsal was over—the last rehearsal. I had gone through my part thinking of my woes. I had swallowed the draught as if it had indeed been a potion to put me out of all remembrance of my misery. I had snatched the dagger and stabbed myself even as I often felt tempted to do in real life. And then I set off home, feeling that if life were bereft for me of all joy, if I was doomed to sink, unwedded, to the grave, I should at least have the satisfaction of confounding my enemies and triumphing over them.

I was passing Charing Cross station, delayed a little while by the streams of vehicles issuing forth, when in a hansom at a little distance I saw a form—a face—which made me start and tremble, and turn hot and cold and red and white all at the same time. It could not be Jack. It oughtn't, mustn't, shouldn't be Jack. Had I not to act in suffering and despair to-night? Well, even if he had returned in safety from his cruise, it was without a thought of me in his heart. He was engaged—married—for aught I knew. It was possible, nay certain, that I should never see him again.

And yet I ran all the way home. And yet I told the servant breathlessly, "If any visitors call I don't wish to be disturbed." And yet I made my mother repeat the promise she had given me the previous night. Then I flew to my den at the top of the house, bolted myself in, and set a chair against the door, as if I were afraid of any one making a forcible entry. I stuffed my fingers in my ears and went over my part with vigor, with more noise even than was absolutely necessary. Still how strangely I seemed to hear every sound. A hansom passing—no, a hansom drawing up at our house. I went as far from the window as possible. I wedged myself up between the sofa and the wall, and I shut my eyes firmly. Surely there were unaccustomed noises about, talking and laughing, as if something pleasant had happened. Presently heavy footsteps came bounding up two stairs at a time. Oh! should I have the courage not to answer if it should be Ja——?

But it wasn't. Kitty's voice shouted—

"Sybil, Sybil! come down. Here's"——

"Kitty, be quiet," I called out furiously. "If you don't hold your tongue, if you don't go away from the door immediately, I'll—I'll shoot you."

She went away, and I heard her telling them down stairs that she believed Sybil had gone mad.

I waited a little longer, then I stole to the window. Surely Juliet would not be spoilt by the sight of a visitor leaving the house. But there was no one leaving. Indeed, I saw the prospect of a fresh arrival—Isabel Chisholm was coming up the street in a bran new costume, and hat to match. Her fringe was curled to perfection. A tiny veil was arranged coquettishly just above her nose. Flesh and blood could not stand this. Down stairs I darted, without waiting even for a look in the glass. Into the drawing room I bounced, and there, in his six feet two of comely manliness, stood Jack, my Jack, more bronzed and handsome and lovable than ever. He whom I had mourned by turns as dead and faithless, but whom I now knew was neither, for he came toward me with both hands outstretched, and he held mine in such a loving clasp, and he looked at me with eyes which I knew were reading just such another tale as that written on his own face.

Then when the knock sounded which heralded Miss Chisholm he said:

"Come into another room, Sybil; I have so much to say to you."

And in that other room he told me of his adventures and perils, and how through them all he had thought of me, and wondered if he never came back alive, whether I should be sorry; and if he did come back, whether I would promise to be his darling little wife very, very soon.

But all this, though far more beautiful than poet ever wrote, was not Shakespeare, and I had to act Juliet to-night—Juliet the wretched, the heart broken—while my own spirits were dancing, and my pulses bounding with joy and delight unutterable.

Well, I need hardly tell you my Juliet was not a success. I was conscious of tripping about the stage in an airy, elated way, which was allowable during the earlier scenes; but when I should have been tragic and desperate I was still brimming over with my new found joy. All through Juliet's grand monologue, where she swallows the poison, ran the refrain, "Jack has come home, I'm going to marry Jack." I had an awful fear once that I mixed the two names a little, and called on Jackimo when I should have said Romeo. And when my speech was over and I lay motionless on the bed, I gave myself up to such delightful thoughts that Capulet or the friar, I forget which, bending over the couch to assure himself I was really dead, whispered:

"Keep quiet; you're grinning."

I was very glad when the play was over. We often read the reverse side of the picture—of how the clown cracks jokes while his heart is breaking; perhaps his only mother-in-law passing away without his arms to support her. But no one has ever written of the Juliet who goes through terror, suffering and despair to the tune of "Jack's returned. I'm going to marry Jack."—Re Henry in Home Chimes.

Making Slate Pencils in Vermont.

In the northwestern part of the town of Castleton, Rutland county, Vt., is the only manufactory in the United States of slate pencils. The stone as it comes from the quarry is first sawed into blocks from four to seven inches wide, according to the length desired for the pencils. These are split quite easily with a chisel into slabs a little thicker than the finished pencils—say 5-16 of an inch. These are passed through a planing machine and over an emery belt to make them flat, smooth and of a uniform thickness of about 3-16 of an inch. Next day they are pushed into the jaws of a "crocodile," which consists of a pair of steel plates, in the under one of which are six rows of curved knives, each set so as to cut a little deeper than the one that went before it. These plow out parallel grooves half way through the slab, which a man then turns and lays on a steel plate, having ridges which just fit these grooves. This slides back under the six rows of teeth of a second crocodile lying in wait alongside, which cuts the grooves on the other side, and leaves the pencils side by side. Lastly, they are broken and rolled off for an instant to point them upon an emery belt. A man can give this last touch to about 8,000 in a day. The average daily output is about 30,000, and the mill gives employment to some twenty-five hands. The old plan was to saw out square pencils from the slab one by one. These were boxed and distributed among poor families, who whittled them round by hand at from a quarter to half a dollar per thousand.—Pottery and Glassware Reporter.

The White Mountain Butterfly.

Mr. Samuel H. Scudder, the entomologist, of Cambridge, and Mr. Edwin Faxon, of Boston, who take great interest in the plants peculiar to Mount Washington, have been making their annual visit to that region. The former has been studying the growth and development of the White Mountain butterfly, which is found only, with a single exception, on Mount Washington, and there never below an elevation of 500 feet. It is closely allied to a butterfly found on the coast of Labrador, and it is supposed to have come down here in the great ice flow in the glacial period, and when the climate changed and the snow line retreated it was left on the summit of Mount Washington, where it has since existed. The only other place in which it is found is in Colorado, on the summit of its higher mountains, and on none at an elevation of less than 13,000 feet.—Boston Beacon.

Another Fond Illusion Gone.

A short time ago we called attention to the statement that women never stutter and that Indians never snore. It is now stated that three stuttering women have been found, one at Seward, one at Brown Hollow and one at Palatine Bridge. Only three women that stutter found out of the millions of our people! The fact shows two other facts clearly—first, that women can stutter; second, that stuttering women are about as rare as white blackbirds. Exceptions are said to prove the rule, but we could never exactly understand that wise saw. But if stuttering women are very rare there is good reason for it. What is the reason? It is worth investigating, for it may lead to the cure or the prevention of stuttering. And if Indians do not snore, or seldom snore, the reason should be found out, so that snoring may become a lost art.—Troy Press.

Treatment for Insomnia.

A well known epicure, who never lost a night's steep in his life, but who claims to know all about cures for insomnia, proposes two novel methods of treatment. One of these is: "Get up, take a bath, dress yourself carefully, go down to the dining room and eat something. Then go back to bed. The act of dressing and eating will call your mind from its troubled and sleepless state and you will sink into a quiet slumber. Or, after you have dressed yourself, go down to the kitchen, start your gas stove, draw a kettle of water, boil it, and drink a glass of it as hot as you can bear it. I have never seen this recipe fail."—New York Evening Sun.

Private Madhouses.

There are no fewer than fifteen private madhouses in New York. Violent patients are not received in them. The charge is often as high as $100 a week, which includes medical attendance, and the like. Victims of melancholia, of the opium habit or of strong drink are usually the inmates.—Chicago Tribune.

There is selfishness even in gratitude when it is too profuse; to be over thankful for one favor is in effect to lay out for another.—Cumberland.

Nine new comets were observed during the year 1886.

A BULLDOG IN TRAINING.

Long Walks—Worrying the Bag—Turning the Wheel—Reduced in Flesh.

A dog is usually in training six or eight weeks and it will cost about $60. The first thing a good trainer does is to give his dog some powdered arica nut. In a day or two after that he gets a stiff dose of sirup of buckthorn, and either this or powdered magnesia is given every few days during the ensuing week or ten days. If very fat, the dog is reduced in flesh by degrees. He gets long walks night and morning, and for the first two or three weeks his food is principally boiled bran, mixed with half a teacup of beef tea from which the grease has been carefully skimmed. During the winter it takes a pretty game dog to stand the training which the best conditioners resort to. Take a dog, for instance, that weighs 38 pounds, and he is matched to fight in six weeks at 22 pounds. Reducing a dog 16 pounds in winter makes him very sensitive to cold, and though he is well blanketed in his walks he will often rebel against this branch of treatment. A conscientious trainer will be up early with his charge for an eight or ten mile walk in the fresh morning air. When they return the dog is rubbed for half an hour with the bare hands. Sometimes diluted whisky is used, but in any case he is rubbed until he is thoroughly dry. His feet are also dipped into a substance that hardens them. A warm blanket is then placed on him and he is placed on a bed of straw and allowed to sleep until midday, when he is taken out and given a couple of miles and perhaps ten minutes' work at the bag, when he is put to bed again. He requires a great deal of sleep. Work at the bag is good exercise. A strong bag is suspended from the ceiling to within twenty inches of the floor, filled with straw. Inside the bag is a smaller one, in which is placed a cat. The bag is set swinging and the dog goes for it, pulling, tugging, and biting in great shape in his efforts to get at pussy; but she is safe from his strong jaws. After a four or five hour rest he is taken out again for a five or ten mile walk.

Another mode of exercise is the wheel. The axle of a sulky wheel is cut in two in the middle and placed perpendicularly on the floor. The wheel is covered with planking, a thick layer of straw evenly distributed over it, and over this is tacked a carpet, making a soft walk for doggy. To an upright close to the wheel is fastened a singletree with traces, and to this the dog is hitched. He is then induced to pull, and the harder he pulls and the faster he goes, the faster the wheel will revolve. As this exercise is trying to the dog's feet, he is generally booted, that is, chamois skin tied on his feet. A trainer must be careful not to give his charge too much of this sort of work. He is then rubbed again for half an hour, and if the time is about three weeks before the fight he gets a good supper, which is prepared with great care. It will consist of about three-quarters of a pound of round steak or lean mutton, broiled or fried, not too well cooked, and toasted brown bread. This is then cut up fine, and a cup and a half of tea or the juice of the pan poured over it until it is of the proper consistency. This amount of food is given night and morning, as a dog in training is only fed twice a day. A dog is weighed every night before going upon the wheel. If not too fat when he begins training the decrease in weight will be scarcely perceptible. The great trick is to reduce him slowly, with a view to bringing him to the exact weight on the day of fighting. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

Hints for Amateur Tramps.

Among our summer and fall diversions walking and riding parties are gaining more popularity all the time, and to those who contemplate joining one of these parties, either this year or another, some hints may be acceptable as to the care of their feet, it being taken for granted that the general health warrants the undertaking at the outset; for unless the feet are in a good condition it is self evident that no walking, at any rate, can be done that will amount to anything. A course of wholesome but plain food is desirable before any such expedition sets out, so that the digestive apparatus shall be in perfect order to begin with; and the next thing requisite is to accustom the feet to sensible shoes, that while not too heavy, and while fitting snugly, are yet loose enough to give the toes perfect play, on no account allowing the least pinch of tightness or rub of looseness, or any heel but a broad flat one.

A foot bath of water into which a couple of handfuls of common salt have been thrown should be administered every morning for some days before beginning the walks, during its continuance, and after the feet are wiped from that they should be rubbed in alcohol, which keeps them in fine condition, and insures a successful journey, other things being equal. For the rest, good sleep and enough of it, good food and not too much of it, are the chief things to be secured, and one will then return from the trip with strength and tone sufficient to meet a great deal of ordinary wear and tear.—Harper's Bazar.

Electric Lighting in Europe.

The prospects of electric lighting in Europe are brighter than they have been for some time. There is a demand for apparatus in Spain, activity prevails in Austria, some large installations are progressing in England, while in the land of the "unspeakable Turk" a "powerful syndicate" has been formed to push electric lighting, beginning with a fifty years' monopoly in Constantinople. In England, especially, important work is ahead; and we judge, from the stray accounts of the work being done at Leamington, that the plant there will be an unusually large one. It is high time that England had several central electric lighting stations, and their construction is evidently nearer at hand than seemed possible a few months ago.—Electrical World.

An Oar with Steel Blade.

A Birmingham firm is making an oar in which the blade is made from the best sheet steel, highly tempered. It is put forward as being much stronger than the ordinary wooden one, and cannot be broken without undue violence. The handle fits into a socket running nearly the whole length of the blade, and forming a backbone of great strength. The oar being much thinner in the blade than the wooden one, enters and leaves the water cleaner. The handles are made separately of the ordinary spruce or ash, and the like. Victims of melancholia, of the opium habit or of strong drink are usually the inmates.—Chicago Tribune.

Known as "Blouse Volante."

Perhaps some readers may be interested to learn that the Mother Hubbard of modern notoriety has been an unvarying fashion for ancient creole dames from time out of mind. This shapeless garment is known among them as blouse volante.—Harper's Bazar.

STEERAGE EXPERIENCE.

HARDSHIPS OF THE SEEKERS FOR HOMES IN A NEW LAND.

An Emigrant Gives Interesting Details of His Life Aboard Ship—Disregard of Health and Decency—Incidents of the Passage.

A gentleman from the northern part of Missouri, who was in Omaha two days of last week, is a living exemplification of the advantages which the land of the free and the home of the brave possesses for men of all nationalities. A few years ago this gentleman landed in this country, one of a number of tired and wretched immigrants. Today he is an associate justice of the county court of a prosperous Missouri county, in which he has made considerable money as well as many friends.

"The scene on the pier previous to the departure of a vessel is an exciting one," said he. "It is crowded with emigrants all in a confused and excited state, reminding one of a frightened flock of sheep. The majority are perhaps English, Irish and German, though nearly all nations are represented. Each emigrant has a contract ticket which, in consideration of the current rate of fare, stipulates for his transportation to New York, together with a full supply of wholesome provisions, cooked and served by its stewards. The passenger is required to provide himself with bedding and cooking utensils. In my time the weekly allowance of food for adults was prescribed by the government and printed on the contract ticket. As I remember it, it was 21 quarts of water, 3 1-2 pounds of bread, 1 pound of wheaten flour, 1 1-2 pounds of oat meal, rice and peas, 2 pounds of potatoes, 1 1-4 pounds of beef, 1 pound of pork, 2 ounces of tea, 1 pound of sugar, and salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar, etc. The steerage stewards berth the emigrants, and they are then marshaled on deck under the scrutiny of a government inspector who examines them for infectious diseases.

"What is the general treatment these people receive while at sea?" asked the reporter.

"Well," replied the Missourian, "neither officers nor men seem to consider them worthy of respect. Occasionally you will find some ships' officers who will treat them in a humane, tolerating manner, but as a rule they are treated more like a drove of cattle. No difference is made between the better or worse class, but all are treated alike. There is no classification; the single women and men are separated, but Poles, Germans, English, French, Italians and people of all countries are thrown together. A cleanly, thrifty woman is berthed next to a filthy one, and the same with neat appearing, hardworking men, who are compelled to mingle with the dirtiest of vagabonds.

"The steerage is usually cold, dark and foul smelling. It extends nearly the entire length of the vessel under the saloon deck and is cut up into gloomy apartments. In each one of these are four tiers of berths or bunks, two on each side. The lower tier is two feet from the deck and the upper tier is three feet from the roof. The steerage is about ten feet in height; in each tier are probably six berths of eighteen inches wide and six feet long and made of boards. These berths generally emit an unpleasant smell of chlorate of lime or carbolic acid.

"Officious stewards are moving about indulging in a coarse joke here and a growl at some unfortunate there. After the supper, and but few partake of the first one at sea, the tables are raised to the roof and the steerage center space is clear. Some lamps are then lighted, but promptly extinguished at 9 o'clock. Three meals are served every day, and in quality and quantity they are substantial. For breakfast at 8 o'clock emigrants sit down to do justice to oatmeal porridge and molasses, hot bread, coffee and salt fish. For dinner at 12 perhaps soup or broth, boiled meats, potatoes and bread. For supper at 6, tea and bread and butter, with molasses. However substantial the food may be, the manner in which it is served is uncleanly. Beef and soup are placed on the table in rusty looking tins and then a scramble takes place, dirty fingers often being used instead of forks. On a pleasant summer day the emigrants have quite a merry time on deck. Some of the Italians bring out their harps and violins, and a concert takes place. Aside from this these people amuse themselves at cards, checkers and other games, and after a time they become partially accustomed to their filthy prison; the majority make the best of it and enjoy themselves to a degree."

"How is the emigrant cared for during a storm?" queried the reporter.

"That's just where he reaches the height of his misery," answered the ex-emigrant. "I shall never forget the sufferings we all endured during a severe storm on my passage. When the storm came up the hatches were battened down, the ports screwed in their places and the companionways closed. During all the time the sea is on deck perhaps 1,000 people were confined to the steerage, on this occasion, for nearly three days. The atmosphere became close and in twenty-four hours was loaded with impurities; meals were irregularly served and the food barely cooked. I shall never forget the exhibition of terror on the part of some of the emigrants, and their terror became contagious as their shrieks grew louder and their prayers more frequent. After the storm had subsided, and the steerage was open, the sailors would not go in to clean up for six hours, and then they had to be supplied with an extra allowance of grog. I remember on this trip an incident which a sailor told me was not an unusual one. One of the Italians in the steerage had not washed himself since he had been on board, and after the storm he refused to leave his bunk, but clung to it in all its filth, and with his characteristic indolence. On the captain's order he was brought on board and thoroughly cleansed with a hose, after which he returned, apparently feeling no better for his clean up, but I am certain the balance of us rested easier.

"When the steamer arrives at quarantine a towboat conveys the doctor on board and he inspects the immigrants. If there are no cases of infectious disease the steamer proceeds to the city, and shortly another steamboat appears with the boarding officer of the emigration commissioners. This official ascertains the number of passengers on board and listens to complaints.

"Soon the trees of the Battery park come in sight, the steamer's pulse ceases, several barges are towed alongside, and the immigrants with their baggage are transferred to these. The same excitement is here manifest as at the outset of the voyage. The poor immigrants are browbeaten and driven about like the same old sheep, and as soon as the barges are loaded a small steamer takes them in tow and they are landed with their load of human freight at Castle Garden."—Omaha Bee.

Pigmies in the Heart of Africa.

Ronzo de Leo, who traveled many years in Africa with Dr. Livingstone, was one who almost stood out alone in the assertion that a race of dwarfs lived in central Africa. In his lectures in America he told of a little people who fled to the clefts of the rocks when the explorers approached. C. Eugene Wolff, who traveled many years with Stanley, and who is now in the city, gives some queer accounts of these dwarfs. "On the southern branches of the Congo," said he to a reporter, "I have seen whole villages of these Lilliputians. They are a generous little people, who live in rude huts and clear ground, engaged in varied sorts of agriculture. They are also skilled hunters and they make palm wine. They are as lithe and supple in climbing trees as monkeys or baboons, although they are physically as perfect men as any of the giant tribes thereabout, and they know as much.

"The men are not over four and a half feet high, while the women are a good deal smaller. These tiny little men are both brave and cunning. They are experts with the bow and arrow, and readily bring down the African bison, antelope and even elephants with them. As trappers of small animals they are unsurpassed. In a close pinch they use the lance with astonishing dexterity, and an ordinary sling in their hands is wielded with wonderful skill. The dwarfs collect the sap of the palm, with which they make soap. The men are smooth faced and of a rich mahogany color, while the hair is short, kinky and as black as night. Tens of thousands of them live on the south branch of the Congo. They are an affable, kind hearted people, of simple ways and devoid of vicious tendencies to a greater degree than most semi-barbaric races. The women are industrious and amiable. Very queer these people look alongside the great swarthy blacks further up on the Congo. The latter are of prodigious size, uncouth, rude to the remotest degree and cannibalistically inclined. The dwarf stands in awe of them, but are so brave and cunning that, with all the odds of physique against them, the pigmies are masters of the situation."—San Francisco Examiner.

When Emigrants Were Sold.

Many years ago the great majority of immigrants were so poor that they could not prepay their passage. They accepted advances and were bonded to the ship owners, who derived enormous profits. Charles Reade has a vivid description of the immigrant at this period in his "Wandering Heir." When a vessel arrived at Philadelphia or New York the steerage passengers were sold at public auction to the highest bidder. The country people either came themselves to purchase or sent agents. Parents sold their children that they might remain free themselves, and families were scattered never to be reunited. Old people and widows did not sell well, while healthy parents with healthy children and youths of both sexes found a ready market. When one or both parents died on the voyage the expenses of the whole family were summed up and charged to the survivor. Adults had to serve from three to six years and children until they became of age. Runaways had to serve one week for each day, one month for each week and six months for each month of their absence. The immigrants were called "intended servants," but in effect they were slaves.

The last sales of immigrants took place, I think, in Philadelphia during the years 1818 or 1819. The government then interfered with the traffic and encouraged the immigration of a superior class of people. But the accommodations for immigrants remained shamefully defective, and nearly twenty out of every hundred passengers died at sea of fever or starvation. The steerage deck was usually about five feet high, without ventilation or light, and in this space the bunks were ranged in two or three tiers.—Omaha Bee.

[Blue Ribbon and a Bath.

A seedy man walked into a downtown printing office with a small Scotch terrier in his arms, which he said he had found running around the streets. His desire was to sell the dog for the price of a meal, and he offered the dog to a printer on those terms. The printer refused to buy the animal, but asked the man to wait and he would see what he could do for him. He went out and purchased a blue ribbon, which he tied around the neck of the dog after thoroughly washing the animal.

The two strolled up Broadway as far as Fourteenth street, where a lady seated in a carriage in front of a dry goods house hailed them and asked if they cared to sell "that pretty little creature."

They did, and when asked what they wanted for him they said that $25 would buy dog and ribbon. The bargain was quickly made. Around in Thirteenth street the men divided profits.—New York Evening Sun.

Extermination of Hemlock.

Mr. Edward Jack, writing about hemlock in The New York Lumber Trade Journal, says that until lately it has been abundant in Maine and in the maritime provinces of Canada, but ax and fire are fast exterminating it. The liability of the tree to be blown down on account of its bushy tops causes windfalls which sometimes cover considerable areas, over which fires rage furiously. The lateral roots run near the surface to a great distance, and when the tree is blown down they bring up large masses of earth. In a windfall the trunks, tops and the clumps of earth brought up by the roots form a tangle through which one can make only little progress. Two days of hard work were required to get through three or four miles of a tract Mr. Jack was once inspecting.—New York Sun.

The Car's Reclining Chair.

So called easy chairs in drawing room cars have given inventors a great deal of work. They have tried to make a chair which will fit every person's back and failed. They always will, for no two persons use their backs in the same way, and there is a wide variation in backs. Some persons are uneasy unless the bearing comes on their shoulder blades; others are still more so when it does. Some wish to have the small of the back supported; others want every square inch of their backs pressed on. The only way to do it is to have a lot of chairs in the baggage car, take a templet of every man's back when he comes in, and pick out one that fits him; then there will be no more growling.—Chicago News.

Vegetation for the Plains.

It is now stated that blue joint grass will grow luxuriantly on the great plains and mountain sites of Nevada, where little vegetation, except sage brush, has been produced. It is also said that wild peas will grow there, and that the vines are readily eaten by all kinds of stock. In places that can be irrigated a few months in the year, two or three crops of alfalfa can be raised.—Chicago Times.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

THE SOCIAL HOP.

An Well-arranged and Enjoyable Affair—Who Were There.

Carlsbad has long enjoyed an enviable reputation for hospitality, and it was worthily sustained Thursday evening, the event being an invitation social arranged by several of our society young men and held in the already popular Hotel Carlsbad. Early in the week a specified number of cards of invitation were issued and, judging from the number present, none were misdirected. Nothing occurred to mar the pleasures of the evening, and the eastern horizon was visibly brightening ere the merry dancers called a halt. The floor was under the direction of Messrs. E. W. Langenbach of Carlsbad and Frank Jones of Oceanside, who admirably performed their duties. The music, under the direction of Profs. Hargraves and Davis, was in itself a rare treat, comprising some of the latest popular airs, executed faultlessly and thoroughly appreciated. By the way, Oceanside has good reason to be proud of her fair sex, as represented on this occasion, they fairly dividing the honors, both in taste of costume and grace of manner, with the belles of our own fair town. Following is a partial list of those present:

FROM OCEANSIDE.

Mrs. Hargraves, Mrs. Ripley, Misses Nellie Jones, Vada McCulloch, Samter, Clements, Carter, Adams, Wondell.

Messrs. R. C. Hargraves, Max Goldbaum, Wm. Goldbaum, Robt. Augustine, Al. McRay, F. A. Jones, Otto Ohming, R. King, Lloyd Huntington, R. P. Sims, Si. Merchant, Ollie Bramett.

CARLSBAD'S QUOTA.

Mesdames Cramer, Kunze, Buntain, Crain.

Misses Pauline Lehn, Ida Kunze, Ada Carthy, Alma Schutte, Hattie Lehn, Adelia Kunze, E. Langenbach, Ethel Carthy, Alma Kunze.

Messrs. Ralph Patterson, E. W. Langenbach, Arthur Hansen, P. Langenbach, C. C. Davis, Theo. Steinhilber, Rob. Carr, M. Countzelman, C. Banning, S. D. Wadsworth, Wm. Countzelman, J. L. Cramer, B. Kunze, D. D. Hanks, Sam Roberts, J. Reed, Bert Carthy.

The Highland Addition.

As the time approaches for the great auction sale to be held of this property, on June 15th, public interest increases. Already a number of visitors have examined the tract with evident satisfaction, and a number of desirable lots have been mentally secured. Mr. Faucher has reserved some of the villa lots upon the crest of the knoll running through this tract for private sale, and will only dispose of the same by that method. These are certainly very choice locations—well worth the price asked—and will doubtless not long remain without purchasers. A wise arrangement has been made in the selection of the sale grounds, which will be in front of the great hotel, "The Carlsbad," thus affording ample shelter from what might prove a warm day even in this salubrious locality. This will also give visitors a chance to view the beauties of the mammoth structure, so soon to accommodate its hundreds of guests. In fact, all preparations will inure to the comfort of every one, and next Friday will be a gala day for all, particularly for those who wisely invest.

A Birthday Party.

Master Jesse Cramer, the five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis Cramer, of this town, gave a pleasant birthday party to his young friends last Saturday afternoon. Various juvenile games were indulged in and choice refreshments partaken of by the participants. Mrs. Cramer was kindly assisted by her friend, Mrs. J. H. Richards, in looking after the comforts of the young heir's guests.

Prospective Campmeeting.

Rev. J. D. Sherrard, of Valley Center, was in Carlsbad Thursday. He will hold a campmeeting at the Methodist Campground, beginning August 8th and lasting two weeks.

PERSONAL MENTION.

"Welcome the Coming, Speed the Parting Guest."

Jas. Reed, of Washington, D. C., is in town.

James Townsend, of Escondido, was in town this week.

L. M. Hall and wife, of Riverside stopped at the Palma this week.

The name of Jesse James, St. Louis, Mo., appears on the Palma Hotel register.

Miss Adelia Kunze has returned home after a six months' pleasure trip to Pomona.

T. B. Harvey and wife, of New York, visited Carlsbad for a few days this week.

C. F. Elliott and wife, of San Diego, were guests at the Palma during the present week.

Mons. Jules Escalier, accompanied by the South Oceanside billiard expert, visited the SEA LION office yesterday.

Mrs. Frances Burlingame, of Los Angeles, daughter of Captain J. A. Frazier, of this place, is enjoying a pleasant visit to the home of her parents.

J. Gilbert Dexter, one of the most prominent and popular real estate dealers in Los Angeles county, paid Carlsbad and the SEA LION a pleasant visit this week.

The smiling countenance of H. F Hiller, of San Francisco, greeted us Tuesday last. Mr. Hiller is accompanied by his beautiful wife, and they are making a tour of the S. C. B.

The family of Wm. Hess, recently of Nebraska, arrived here this week, and are domiciled in the former residence of H. Woolman, which Mr. Hess recently purchased.

Mrs. W. A. Harris and son, with her mother, Mrs. H. O. Allen, of San Bernardino, are testing the curative powers of Carlsbad mineral water. They are sojourning at the Palma.

Joseph Lehn's household was augmented this week by the arrival of his eldest daughter and her husband, Mr. John Brown, with their two interesting children, all the way from Cobden, Ill. They intend making this town their permanent home.

The Musical Union.

As stated last week, the members of this society will meet next Tuesday evening, at the residence of Mrs. S. C. Smith, and all who attended the last reception held there are highly pleased at the announcement. The following programme has been arranged, and the talents of the ladies and gentlemen to which the several numbers have been assigned guarantee a highly enjoyable evening:

Instrumental solo—Misses Schutte and Kunze.
Solo—Mrs. Pratt.
Duet—Mesdames Smith and Stone.
Song—Misses Kunze and Schutte.
Piano and violin—Mrs. Crain, Mr. Davis.
Song—Mr. Buchanan.

Secure the Precinct.

It is to be hoped that the suggestion made in the SEA LION last week regarding an election precinct in this town will be acted upon. We have been informed that a petition, properly drawn and signed, to the County Board of Supervisors will effect the object. This is a matter of interest and convenience to every voter residing here, and should be attended to forthwith.

Don't Waste the Water.

While the town company is furnishing an adequate supply of water for all purposes, and has ample facilities so to do, still until the new wells are completed there is not a superabundance, and "it's dead wrong" for parties to thoughtlessly or maliciously waste it. A water-meter system would stop those to whom this item refers in their mad career.

The School Election.

The election to fill a vacancy in the Board of School Trustees of this district resulted in the choice of J. D. Crain. This gentleman is a valuable acquisition to the Board, and will by his intelligence and experience do much to advance our public school interests.

HOME NEWS IN BRIEF.

Events of the Week in a Condensed Form.

—Nightly the blast of the cornet is heard on the air.

—The boiler of the new engine and dynamo for the big hotel have arrived.

—How about those premium lots? Isn't it about time they were being distributed?

—Just received a full assortment of ladies' French kid gloves, price $1. 25, at Irwin & Co.

—Carlsbad has received some charming additions to her society during the present week.

—Men's summer flannel coats and vests reduced from $2.50 to $1.75 at Irwin & Co., Oceanside.

—Marron, of Oceanside, always has a full supply of choice meats on hand, and his prices are most reasonable.

—A full assortment in ladies', misses', men's and boys' bathing suits just received by Irwin & Co., Oceanside.

—The catamaran — McClere's pride—is completed, and an effort will be made to launch the curiosity to-morrow.

—Men's all-wool suits reduced from $12.50 to $8.50, from $13.50 to $10, from $15 to $12.50, at Irwin & Co., Oceanside.

—The Ladies' Mission Society will meet next Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. Gerhard Schutte.

—The summer guests are beginning to arrive. A glance at the pages of the various hotel registers each day indicate this fact.

—Faucher's great sale of real estate is only six days off. Get out your "weasel-skins" and be ready for the great bargains that will be flying about.

—Go to Irwin & Co., Oceanside, the one-price dry goods and clothing house. All goods marked in plain figures only, and everything is sold at San Francisco prices.

—J. Chauncey Hayes' valuable trotting mare Nellie, the best roadster in San Diego county, met with a distressing accident Saturday last, which will disable her for some weeks.

—The new cottage of T. C. Rutledge, of San Bernardino, which is located on the Terrace, near the big hotel, is a very ornamental as well as substantial structure. It is in the half-Gothic style of architecture.

—Mr. L. A. Clark was not a candidate for School Trustee at the election held last Saturday—a fact his friends were aware of—which accounts for the apparent smallness of the vote received by the gentleman on that occasion.

—A railroad accident on the California Southern Railroad was reported as having occurred some miles south of this place one day this week, by which two men were killed. The truth of the rumor could not be ascertained.

—The sloop Tempest will probably return to her element to-morrow, after having been thoroughly overhauled and repaired. It is to be hoped that good luck will attend the launching, as the vessel will be a great acquisition to the pleasures of Carlsbad.

—Arthur A. Hansen combines business with pleasure, as besides being Assistant Secretary of the Carlsbad Land and Mineral Water Company, he now represents the Lion, Imperial, Orient, National (observe the acrostic?) and Hartford Insurance Companies.

—Our "equine paradox" has been rather disinclined to stay "home o' nights," thereby causing us much mental agony; but with the aid of a load of hay and a stout stake-rope we think "we've got 'im," and consequently repeat our warning to delinquents published last week.

—The grand staircase of the Hotel Carlsbad is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." It is built of Spanish mahogany, carved and molded in superior manner, and is chief in point of attraction of the many ornaments that go to make up the regal appearance of the interior finish.

—Hayes, champion pitcher of the Stockton baseball nine, was taken suddenly ill during a game up country Sunday last, and a substitute provided proved a miserable failure. There is a itinerake of the "twirler" in South Oceanside who would be equally hard to supplant—with this professional difference: his forte is billiards.

Unavoidably Postponed.

[The following has been handed in with a request for publication. The disappointment that will be felt by our amusement-loving community by this unlooked-for collapse will no doubt be great:]

EDITOR SEA LION: Owing to the non-arrival of Prof. Davis' mandolin, which led to an unexpected refusal by him to perform his part of the programme—which was to have been the leading feature of the evening—and the hoped-for and expected inclemency of the weather, the Philharmonic Club will postpone their entertainment, to have been given Saturday, June 9, 1883, to a more propitious season. At a broad and distracted meeting it was dissolved to correspond the meeting of the club until the year 1901, and as a consequence it adjourned sign or die. Yours in a pint cup.

HON. PHILANDER DOESTICKS,
President.

Amateur Theatricals.

A select party of invited guests assembled in the parlors of Captain Frazier's residence Thursday night to witness an amateur theatrical performance conducted by Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Burlingame. The affair was admirably arranged and faultlessly carried out. Mrs. Stone undoubtedly possesses the accomplishments of a gifted and well-trained artiste.

Real Estate Transfer.

The Carlsbad Land and Mineral Water Company have sold lots 5 and 6, in block I, to Mrs. M. C. Franklin, of Dallas, Texas, for an advanced consideration. Although Dallas has a "Sunny Clime" for which the SEA LION has the highest regard, still it is apparent that the attractions of Carlsbad are paramount by this purchase.

Our Water Supply Guaranteed.

J. A. Faucher is boring a well in Block 60 of the Carlsbad Land and Mineral Water Company's land Good progress is being made. Another well will be put down for the same company immediately upon the completion of this one. Thus is the future water supply of growing Carlsbad being carefully looked after.

Grover Cleveland and Allen G. Thurman are the nominees of the Democratic party for President and Vice-President of the United States.

OCEANSIDE
MEAT MARKET.

J. M. MARRON, Prop.

THE BEST MEAT ALWAYS ON HAND. Orders taken and meat delivered.

I solicit your patronage.

J. M. Marron.

NOTICE.

I hereby notify the public in general that I will not be responsible for any debts or liabilities that may be hereafter incurred by G. C. Towle. I will also hold all persons reponsible, who may transact business with said G. C. Towle individually in partnership matters.

E. M. CAMPBELL.

Carlsbad, May 25, 1883.

LEVI & WERTHEIMER,

Successors to A. SCHNEIDER.

Established 1869.

San Diego, Cal. FIFTH STREET, NEAR F.

Wholesale and retail dealer in

BOOKS AND STATIONERY. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. SHEET MUSIC. FANCY POSTERS.

Picture frames, Mouldings, Glass.

Artists Material and Fine Paints. Wall Paper. Optical Goods. Cutlery.

General Newspaper Depot.

CARLSBAD
MINERAL WATER BATHS,

Hot and Cold.

Now Open to General Custom.

The reputation already achieved by these baths is world-wide and their remarkable curative powers remain unchallenged. Persons afflicted with

Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, or any Chronic Disease

can do no better than take a course of these Wonderful Baths. Scores Testimonials as to their worth can be obtained from residents in this town and vicinity, who have been entirely cured by their use.

Liberal Terms to Regular Customers.

The Bathhouses adjoining the Great Well of the Carlsbad Land and Mineral Water Company are in easy access of the large hotel now nearing completion.

Ben. Kunze,
Manager.

BOOTS * AND * SHOES.

Parties desiring first-class goods in this line, at low prices, can obtain the same by calling at

Lehn's Boot and Shoe Store,

Elm Ave., between First and Second streets,
CARLSBAD, Cal.

HAMILTON & CO.,

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA.

Lead in prices and quality of Goods.

Keep a full stock in the following lines:

Fancy and Staple Groceries, Staple Dry Goods, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Rubber Goods.

Hardware of all Kinds.

Paints and Oils,
Crockery and Glassware,
Lamps &c.
Garden and Field Seeds,
and everything necessary for
HOUSEHOLD USE.

PALMA HOTEL,

Carlsbad, California.

WILLIAM CARTHY - - - - - PROPRIETOR

One of the Finest Summer Resorts on the Coast.

FINE SURF BATHING. NO UNDERTOW.

Mineral Water Baths, hot and cold, can be had.—Terms as Moderate as can be had elsewhere.

H. H. Woolman. E. M. Brass.

BRASS & WOOLMAN,

REAL ESTATE DEALERS,

CARLSBAD, CALIFORNIA.

CITY AND RANCH PROPERTY BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION.

Taxes paid.—Rents collected.—Business attended to for Non-Residents Correspondence solicited.

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